

Fall 2009



south providence, RI

Vol
e
&

Students
anatomy, autonomy
and anarchy

USE & REPRODUCE WHATEVER, HOWEVER.
JUST INCLUDE MY EMAIL (ZEPHYR@
CAUSE I LIKE FEEDBACK. RESIST.CA)

the seedy,

I CAN'T CONCENTRATE
ON SCHOOL, CAN'T SLEEP IN
MY BED (OR AT ALL), HAVE
CONVERSATIONS, PLAY **NICE**

i keep having uncontrollable manic dreams about running away, that catch you unawares and leave you breathless. dreams about letting everything fall away, throwing my phone into a river and finding open hearts in empty hands, leaving behind people and possessions until i'm reduced to grime and grit, bones and wit. i need to run through forests again and make up identities, sleep in more meadows and chase more feral dogs. i tell everyone i'm hitchhiking to alaska in december as if i still need to convince myself, convince myself to disregard the nights i wake in that slippery space before dawn and know, unequivocally, that convenience will prove far too comfortable to resist, that adventure will only be alluring from a heated dorm room, that worst, worst of all, the world isn't big enough to contain what i've been looking for. the leaves turn and i read how the arctic is

melting, fading, as i sleep drink smoke apply
utilize synthesize survive. consume. run out
of the time. the arctic is melting and i'm
barely alive .

first thaw
last spring i started kissing one of my best friends and suddenly i had someone to run through roofs and climb abandoned bridges and skinnydip in polluted rivers with, a partner in crime, a someone, to some extent. as fucked up as it all was we had fun, we had fun, we thought we were hot shit. we would hook up in the most revolting places imaginable that we could find—once at 5am in a forgotten basement room filled with broken appliances and dust so thick it coated the inside of our lungs, made our kisses taste like aluminum. a janitor came in, utterly bewildered to find two kids naked in her favorite smoking spot—we fled and watched the sun rise, delusional from sleep deprivation, from his roof. he hops trains now and i don't know him now, not at all, but i can hear the rattlecrash of machinery under his feet and cold wind knocking him off balance and still know what his bones feel like. he still shows up in my dreams now and again, a spectator, someone behind me in line, but it doesn't sting like it used to. i've known the heartbeats of so many boys and they all collide with mine, so many mythical scraps of boys i've loved the world over, who've fallen out of my life and off the grid but still hang around my unconscious, loitering underneath my skin. they keep me company, these ghosts i carry in my pockets.

~~It was~~ sometime today ~~in the computer lab,~~
trying to print out medicine books in spanish
for free and failing, ~~feeling the~~ silkiness of
a new neonorange pumpkin, smiling into my friend
daniels grumpysleepy scruff, riding waves of
sleep deprivation ~~and~~ stuffed with soft serve,
i realized that ~~i think~~ this counts as happy
now, i think i should be happy now. wondering
~~if this is actually what it feels like, this~~
~~void, i am actually where i've tried to be for~~
~~so long. i think i live in this perpetual state~~
of waiting for the good times, crawling
falling between crazymania and the plunge,
looking for dreamworlds to unlock behind every
smile that i see, ~~that~~ they all laugh because
they hold the key. ~~im too~~ in love with the chase.
~~i cant stop to look around and breathe, afraid~~
of the scenery ill see, afraid of ~~the~~ ~~the~~
~~questions of the night and the answers kxx im~~
afraid i already know.

lately i know ~~exactly~~
what im looking for ~~arm body~~, the smell of
~~dirty hair~~ musk in my sheets, ~~and i know its~~
someth ing else that wont solve anything
and yet. you know. my mind feels like a rabid
dog ~~a lot of times~~, tearing into people, places
without rhyme or reason,, clamping into ideas
ive created with unforgivable iron jaws. may
be i just cant accept that theres not more out
there, somewhere, that i dont know enough to
know. ~~the whole feeling existence is just~~
~~chasing shit that doesnt exist.~~ most everything
i own is stolen ~~and~~ i spend days filling my
mind with other peoples ideas and even my
existential crises have been already experienced
(far more eloquently.) and im not quite sure
what i have still to hold on to. love is
one of ~~xx~~ trillions of combinations of mixed
up alphabets and yet i used to think it was
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the universe-my body is one of
billions and yet i think im everything. ~~we~~
~~can~~ ~~only hope to feel that~~
~~i move on to middleage misery soon.~~

sweetbeets and interrupted daydreams.
dr. dre on broken banjos and peach fuzz.
cupped in culpable paws.

small dinosaur i remember so
much but know ~~that~~ so little, save the
wildness of those eyes and the way i could
~~fit~~ beneath the hollows of those cheeks.
im sleeping in your best friends bed and wake
up with your smell in my hair,

opening my eyes through the maze of
his limbs to find myself once more
facedown on dc city streets, tangled
in a mangled borrowed bike,
alive again. swiping sidemirrors
midflight.



(midnight
magenta sheets;
your fingers trace
someone else's bruises
linger on my inner
thigh

" I HOPE

YOU

FIND

SOME

ONE

WHO

FEELS

THINGS

AS MUCH

AS YOU DO "

he said,
and i was
finally numb.

WAKE UP SON

to the
empty bed of a new anarchist, swirls i painted on his ceiling seeping through my eyelids, crash of cars and police outside his window, luxuriating in next door's reggaeton & it feels like home to this girl from the ghetto, and so does he: long limbs, dirty hair, big eyes, big dreams, another straight edge insurrectionist with not enough meat on his bones. finding him downstairs cooking beans and rice and singing kanye beneath his breath. sometimes i can get him to speak spanish to me & his voice goes all high & i feel like i'm ten years old again, climbing guanabana trees and growing epiphyte farms, hiding from taunts of gringa with story worlds i dreamt. my best friend while i lived in costa rica was natalia, and we would roam the cloud forests for days, playing pretend & letting guava juice run down our chins, taunting howler monkeys and rolling in the puddles of our dirt roads. one day we lay in her bunk bed in the dense tropical heat and she told me her worst secret: that her dad was having sex with another woman, that she was having his baby. something, maybe ~~the~~ our inseparable sisterhood, completely shattered within me. i knew we weren't the same but i didn't really know - that behind her pretty mother's sweet smile lurked the kind of shame i couldn't hope to understand. i felt sick. i ran home without looking back.

a year later i flew back to the U.S & was indoctrinated into the cult of American middle school, electric car windows and girls with straight hair like corn silk, and i forgot almost all of my spanish, save for what floats up from the deep recesses of my mind when he speaks to me with those blue eyes

lost and found

treating people well is the hardest thing and the easiest. im not good enough to be good to you. youre not good enough to be bad to me. i wake up to the interwoven web of eyelashes glued together, glitter still cascading down my face feather remnants still clinging to my skin. cheap wine cheap shoes explosions of color false eyelashes, lipstick and noise, lipstick and noise. nights we get too drunk to see and move by touch, looking for warmth. i ran into a girl i once loved just long enough to pee in a basement and remind myself that nothings changed. scatter onto city streets along with the lost, dark smogstars raining on our winebright faces, falling into parties just long enough to breathe beats until stumblewhirl outside onto the grass once more. it feels like everything and im finally full. i wake up in bed with a traffic cone, lovingly nestled along my my nakedness.

fluorescent lights shine through the sweet trust of your unbearable face and i look away, feather boa trailing on the floor, feel your smile crumple. burn smiles into your beautiful best friend, embrace. embrace, bacile abraci you make my heart explode, we once danced, over and over, eons and eternity. i need you like broken hair in barbershops. dark grass sweeping up my silk and steady watching the faces of two people already in love. i think of trajectories and airport runways and i miss, i miss,

abstractly and

embarrassingly

W
R
C
this summer i ran away to new mexico
with a girl i was utterly, hopelessly
spectacularly in love with, two weeks
or so of blistering exhilaration, hot
springs and stars, white dresses and
dancing in kitchens, made up gods
and rollies that stripped all the
skin from the back of my throat.
i cut all her hair off one night
late spontaneously, and we played
tupac too loud driving around tiny
towns in a white convertible.

but before, in wyoming,
i hadn't hoped to think it could be
like that. all i had was all of
the letters she wrote me while i was
in the woods; while i was the loneliest
i've ever been, surrounded by glacial
godforsaken peaks of ice, long nights
dreaming of unconditional love. she
wrote me incredible letters, heart
wrenching letters, and i reread them
in a bus station in lander, eating
from a five pound bag of grapes, my
only provisions. everything then felt
like it was changing, falling apart
and being reborn, in constant motion
on lurching greyhounds, finding myself
in every fucked-up crazy wonderful
person in wyoming, the meth addicts
and lost teenage boys and hog farmers
and housewives i met on that sleepless
three day journey from the wind river
wilderness to santa fe. were all
moving too quickly nowhere fast, stuck,
colliding, imploding, spending too
much time boxed up in bus stations
to see the sun on rattling death traps
flying so slowly through hundreds of
miles of fields that all look the
fucking same. there is so much sky
there, so much space. its simultane-
ously liberating and terrifying, that
if you walk a few feet too far in any
direction you'll lose yourself in

an abyss of perfectly flat
golden earth that extends into
eternity. everyone there is dying
too quickly and dying to get out,
driving too far into the horizon
into more of the same. but i was
leaving, leaving, with my love
letters and grapes and horrible-
smelling backpack full of clothes
i hadn't washed in 2 months. i took
a bus at 3am, slept in a conveni-
ence

station most of the day, then
wandered, waiting. in the maze of
boarded up buildings there was one
tiny room, open, overflowing, with
a gangly, horse-toothed woman wat-
ching over. she had incredible,
smoldering eyes and chained smoked
marlboro reds with me, spinning
lazy tales of firefighting in
the wilderness and haz-mat work,
dragging men and beasts out of
barns, alternately fucking her
bosses and telling them to fuck
off. she sells antiques now in
this 200 person town; called me
a firecracker and told me to be
strong as i had to walk up the
road to the lone bus stop,
leaving her behind to ruffle
the hair of her tow-headed gran-
dson, sage brush growing wild
around her ankles, squinting into
late summer shoshoni sunset, wat-
ching as i left to find the
girl i loved.

but ya know i'm
always
leaving...

A black and white photograph showing several pieces of torn paper scattered on a dark surface. The papers feature large, bold, stylized letters and symbols, including "KIKI", "O-I-O", "FEEEL'S", "NICKY", and "E". Some pieces are overlapping, creating a layered effect.

I MISS MISSING YOU.

"YOU'RE CLEARLY
NOT READY
TO BE BACK IN
CIVILIZATION"

my dad said to me, finding me barefoot
and unwashed in the kitchen, eating
avocado off the floor. two months of tramp
ing around in untouched wilderness and
westward expansion had undomesticated me,
let me hairy, bewildered, trying to re-
acclimate to convention, still unwilling
to scrub off the wild. staying up way too
late reading way too much about resistance
trapped in this whitewashed summer house
in new hampshire

my parents college friends came up for a
couple days and brought their son. it was
his 18th birthday, and he was spending it
in this quaint hellhole. i stole us a
bottle of gin and we went out late on the
lake, starless, still. we got drunk and
i talked about anar chism and anger.
"i think we should just educate the
wealthy to use their money for good,"
he countered, and i saw everything i
hated in blurry outlines in his beautiful
eyes.

too drunk to stop i spilled tales
of destruction and debauchery, stories
of arrests and adrenaline and amphetamines
guilt and kissing girls and guerrilla
gardening. protests and naked photoshoots
shame. salvation.

"YOU'RE
SO CRAZY!"

he said, drinking
me in with obtuse predatory awe. i knew
what that look meant. i took off my clothes
and jumped into the lake. he followed; i
ran, drunk wet naked slipping across the
lawn to the showers. behind me he dropped
the gin bottle and it shattered across
the floor, slicing open my feet. kissed me
hard in the shower as numb blood gushed
down the drain and memories of showering
with the last boy i loved flooded me,
struck me dumb:

slow sweet heat
four am in his friends apartment,
scrubbing off his incarceration,
falling asleep in the bathtub
intertwined
wrapped in each others skin.
soft smilekisses
through the steam

finally / vulnerable / again

in the months afterwards

I held on to those kisses

kisses in ceremonial prayer rooms,
convention centers
convergence spaces and cars,
aboard overturned abandoned bridges
and waist deep in polluted rivers,
caught by parents and janitors and cops.

when I forgot what it felt like to be loved

I remembered what it felt like to be kissed.

searching for bodies to fill the long empty drought
of a summer—
hazydrunk and dangerous, kisses fueled by
desperation and destruction, kisses that hurt, older
women, older men, kisses that I sought like resuscitation
from drowning

off beat in sweat soaked basements,
the rhythm of tongues that didn't mesh
mouths that tasted of whiskey instead of dr. bronner's,
hands that didn't stop to ask for consent,
nakedness in strange apartments

foreign hands unknown names
inexplicable terror clawing at pleasure blooming
unexpectedly pulsing urgency guilt shame regret and

fear, always fear, sending me scrambling for clothes
and following me home at four a.m., reflected in amber
streetlamps and the knowing eyes of the homeless men
that watched me fly, fly home on the wings of fear.

not started

nicer & negative

and here i was at my grandparents
house, smashed, trashed, fucked up
beyond belief, letting this boy with
despicable politics absorb my mania,
~~xxxxxx~~ sure, you like crazy girls,
everyone likes crazy girls;

degraded in div. look for contrast

the glass didn't come out
of my feet for
days.

WEARING ONLY UNDERWEAR AND PERCHED ON YOUR
KITCHEN COUNTER:
THE DARK NYMPH OF YOUR DREAMS.

SHE WAS AS FRAGILE & BREAKABLE AS BIRDS WINGS,
WHITE SKIN CRISSCROSSED WITH THE GORGEOUS GLAMOUR
OF SELF HATE. YOU WATCHED THE ORIGAMI-LIKE
UNFOLDING OF HER ANOREXIC LIMBS WITH HUNGRY
GREEDY CATLIKE EYES & I HAVE NEVER HATED YOU
MORE. I WANTED TO HOLD HER TOO CLOSE TO BREATHE,
SHIELD HER NAKEDNESS, SAVE HER FROM THE LONG
LINE OF MEN EVER-EAGER TO BE HER SAVIOR...

(beautiful

the
insides
look like

girl.)

I KNOW YOU.

of my
arms
yours do.

I CLEAN UP WELL. I KNOW.
THROW SOME BLACK SMUDGE ON MY EYELIDS
WHITE POWDER ON MY FACE TIGHT JEANS
RED LIPS MAKE MY EYELASHES FLUTTER LIKE
BUTTERFLY ANTENNAE & I'M SOMEONE YOU CAN
BRING HOME TO THE BOYS. FUCK IN THE BACK
OF YOUR HAND-ME-DOWN CAMARO, MIGHT
GET A CRUMPLED PINK CORSET INEPTLY PINNED
BEFORE OUR BIG NIGHT OUT. SCRUB ME
TEASE ME TRIM ME DON'T FEED ME,
APPLY, BRONZE, BRUSH, REPEAT. C



some kinds of dirt dont wash off



DON'T YOU DARE ^{tell} ME I'M beautiful

because you will never understand what those words really mean to women. because it's what I've been waiting for. because it sounds like a line you've memorized from a movie. because i won't believe you. or because i might. because you don't get to decide.

TELL ME I'M INTERESTING, TELL ME I'M
INSPIRING. TELL ME I'M DIFFERENT.
TELL ME I'M STRONG.

BUT
EVEN AS WE DEMAND CHANGE
[FROM OURSELVES, FROM OTHERS]
WE JUST NEED TO REMEMBER THAT

empowerment is

the
process
of
unlearning

WE
CAN'T EXPECT
TO INSTANTLY
UNLEARN

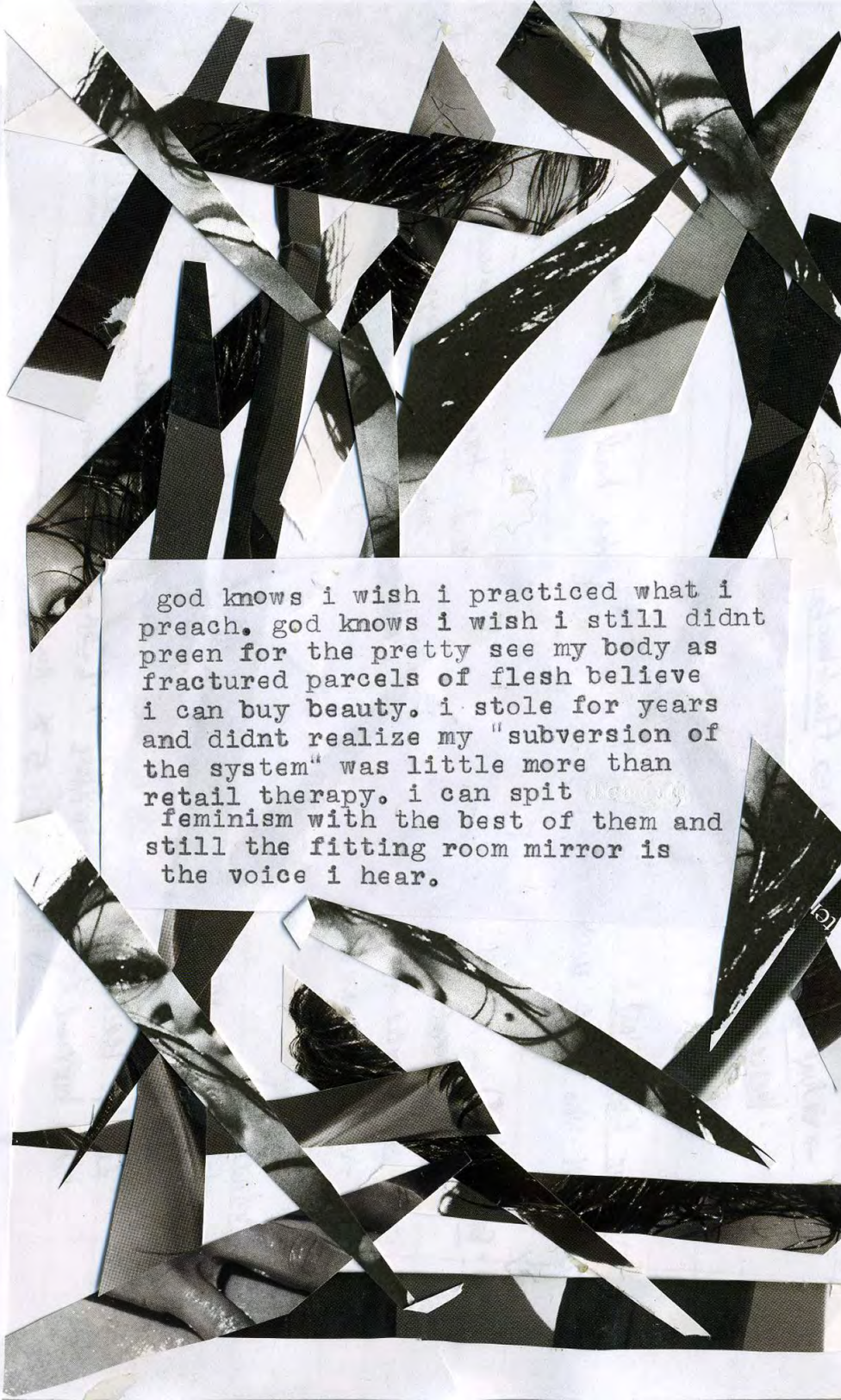
GENERATIONS WORTH OF
THOUGHT PATTERNS
DISCRIMINATION

DOUBT
SELF-HATE

THAT WE'VE BEEN INGESTING
OUR WHOLE LIVES.

[WHATEVER YOUR BATTLE,]
FINDING STRENGTH
BUILDING SELF-RELIANCE
TAKES TIME.

LET'S BE PATIENT WITH OURSELVES.



god knows i wish i practiced what i
preach. god knows i wish i still didnt
preen for the pretty see my body as
fractured parcels of flesh believe
i can buy beauty. i stole for years
and didnt realize my "subversion of
the system" was little more than
retail therapy. i can spit
feminism with the best of them and
still the fitting room mirror is
the voice i hear.

another
discause

incarcerated introspection

feeding off of middle class

melancholia, cigarettes
cliches

i am a survivor of high school
cafeteria cannibalism

graduated to overwroughtivvy ivy
cheap pretention
empty-handed politics

buying profundity with
coined verbiage and skinny jeans

"there doesnt have to be meaning," really
my poetry teacher once told me in my
short-lived fling with
cinderblock classrooms

the summation of which is:
mindfuck.

on disilluisionment



1300

TIMES A DAY

WE'RE
SEEN
ON
CAMERA

for any sign that were carrying anything
other than cheap clothes bought on debt-
wrecked credit cards in those shopping bags,
the computerized monitoring of cctvcameras

detecting those of us who are not part of
"crowd"; our gait our dress our skin
betraying us as escapees from a society of
spoon-fed satiety. they watch us, while
untested toxins are released into our
environments by the ton. yes, the tropical
tree frogs are dying but so are our mothers,
brothers, friends and lovers, even as we
unwittingly celebrate the low prices we've
traded for their lives. 80% of cancer is
attributable to chemicals we still don't
understand yet pour into our skies, soil,
selves.

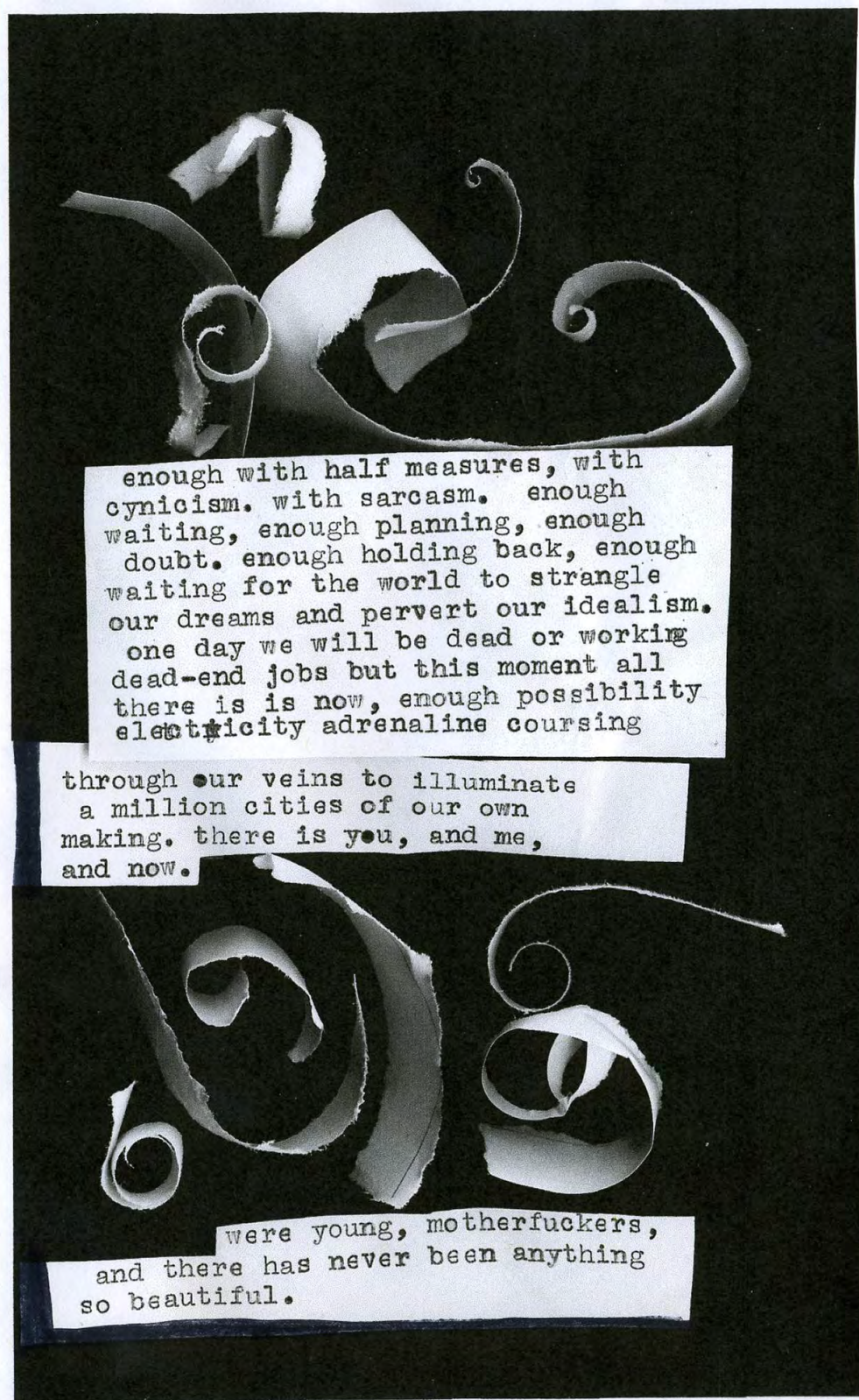
were a world suckled by the sweetness of
technicolor seduction

televised cellulite-less celluloid and
carcinogenic breast milk. the poison of
capitalism is ravaging our very cells and
even chemotherapy cant fight against these
agents of corporate greed.

and still they will keep watching us, until
bloodshed begins to look like nothing
more than red dye no 4, until we hide our
selves in scripted sex and reality tv,
until we anesthetize ourselves with alcohol.
they will keep watching us with ever-more-
intelligent cameras until it is clear that
we have no desire to wake up from this
warped version of the american dream.

they are watching, waiting for us to
respond, or even realize.

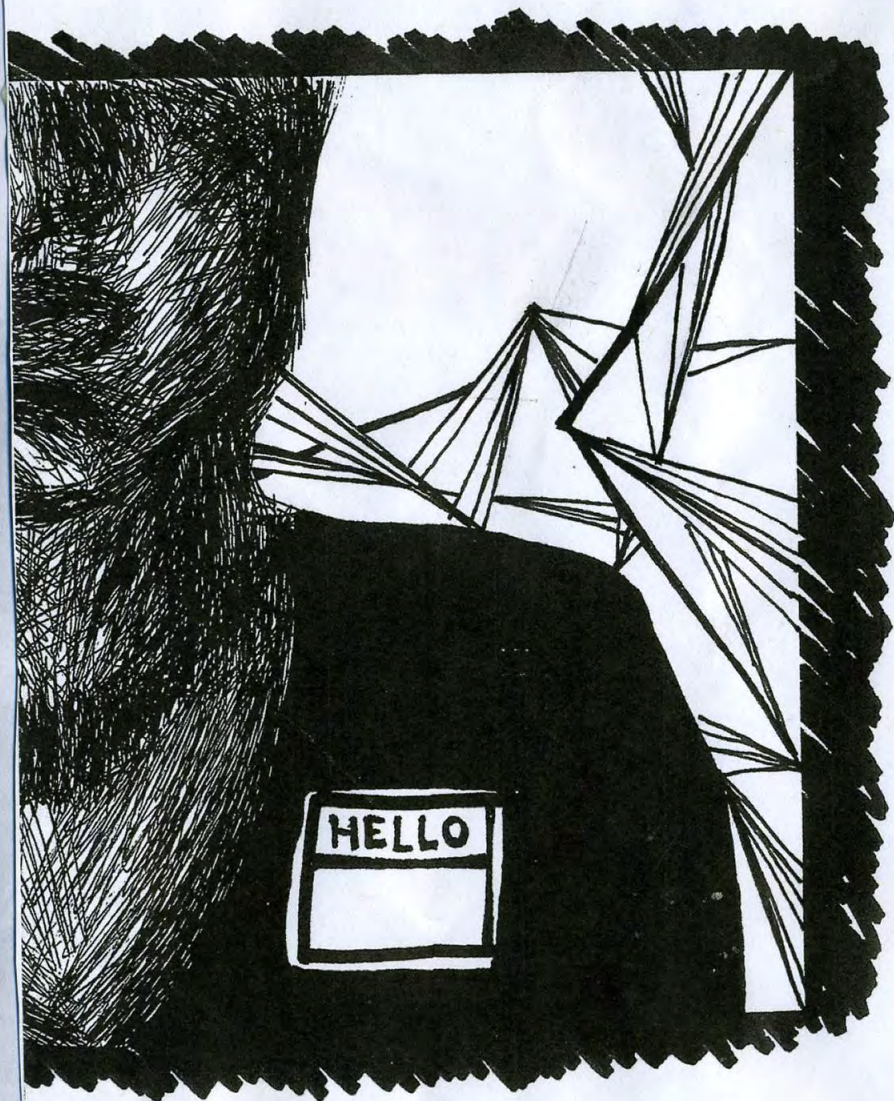
AS LONG AS
THEY'RE
WATCHING
LET'S GIVE
THEM A
FUCKING
SHOW.



enough with half measures, with
cynicism. with sarcasm. enough
waiting, enough planning, enough
doubt. enough holding back, enough
waiting for the world to strangle
our dreams and pervert our idealism.
one day we will be dead or working
dead-end jobs but this moment all
there is is now, enough possibility
electricity adrenaline coursing

through our veins to illuminate
a million cities of our own
making. there is you, and me,
and now.

were young, motherfuckers,
and there has never been anything
so beautiful.



About the Author

you know me.

YOU'VE SEEN ME AROUND.

I ONCE REFILLED YOUR WATER GLASS, WALKED YOUR DOG,
TOOK YOUR PICTURE. I'M WEARING THAT SEQUINED
DRESS YOU GAVE TO SAVERS. YOU CAUGHT ME SHOP-
LIFTING. I LOVE YOUR BAND. I ONCE SOLD YOU CHEAP
VODKA ON THE BACK OF A CHINATOWN BUS AT 6 A.M.
I OVERHEARD YOUR MARRIAGE COLLAPSE IN A SUPERMARKET
PARKING LOT. I WAITED WHILE YOU SNORTED COCAINE IN
A BAR BATHROOM IN LONDON THREE DAYS OUT OF REHAB.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE BEAUTIFUL. YOU FAILED ME IN
CHEMISTRY. LAST SPRING WE STOOD TOGETHER SILENTLY
IN A NEAR EMPTY GALLERY OF THE LOUVRE AND FELL
IN LOVE WITH THE SAME WOMAN IMPRISONED BEHIND A
GILDED FRAME.

don't you // remember?

I'm the dreamer,
the debutante, the monster,
the mistress, a mass casualty of
a catastrophe. a miracle. clichés.
the eye of the storm, the moment of
clarity, the last straw. the still, the
savage, a kaleidoscope of countries,
cornucopia of jumbled-up genes.

THANK YOU

for listening.
now go make
your own shit!

please write me - zephyr@resist.
CA